Riding Breeches, Tuxedo, Red Tie and High Hat Requisitioned by Blue Bell's Prisoned Boy for a Trip to Town

A prisoner who was serving a sentence in Castle Williams escaped from Governors Island on Sunday evening disguised as a gentleman under the weather. The ease with which he got away was due principally to the fact that most of the soldiers now stationed at the post have been there only a few days. But the rig he wore was of such an astonishing character that the officers of the garrison can't for the life of them understand why he was not detained as a "suspicious person" either at the wharf or on the boat which carried him to New

The prisoner was Private Frank Reese, and he had been sentenced to a year's confinement for desertion. He was in all respects a model prisoner, so he had become a "trusty;" that is, he was trusted to do odd obs about the island and was not kept as strictly confined as most prisoners. Among those who were impressed by his good behavior was Capt. Horton of the Eighth Infantry, the quartermaster at the island. Capt. Horton took a great fancy to Reese and showed in many ways that he put the utmost confidence in him.

Not only was the "trusty's" behavior excellent, but he was so mild mannered and obedient at all times that no one at the post ever dreamed that he was watching for an opportunity to escape, particularly as his sentence would expire in a few

When the Eighth Infantry went last week to Manassas to take part in the army man-œuvres on that historic battlefield, they were relieved by the Fifty-first Company of Coast Artillery from Fort Hamilton and the Fifty-sixth Company from Fort Wadsworth, Capt. Horton did not join his company at Manassas until Saturday. When he went away he gave the key of the back door of his house to his favorite "trusty" with instructions to him to keep his eye on the place.

On Sunday afternoon Reese entered the Captain's house. In his own shape he was seen no more by anyone on the island. But at dusk a strange figure emerged from the back door of the house and walked leisurely toward the ferry landing. As the figure passed along whistling "Goodby, My Blue Bell" there were many who stared at it in surprise, but none offered to stop the man or question him about his

odd costume. He wore a silk hat, a Tuxedo coat, an evening shirt with wide expanse of bosom a high collar, a flowing red tie and riding breeches that were several sizes too large

On reaching the wharf he took off his high hat and mopped his brow with a fine white handkerchief. The boat had not come in, and while waiting for her arrival he sauntered about, apparently unconscious of the attention he was attracting. The sentry on duty belonged to one of

the new companies and did not recognize the "trusty" Reese in the freakishly dressed individual who seemed to be bound for dinner in the city. There was a crowd waiting to take the boat, composed mostly of visitors. The costume of the man in the high hat attracted the eyes of all, but no one said anything to him.

When the little ferryboat came in, the strangely attired individual was among the first to get aboard. On his way through the cabin he passed the guard, also a member of one of the new companies, without being molested. During the trip to the Battery he leaned over the rail on the forward deck, gazing without apparent concern at the water. Never once did he ceare whistling "Good-by, My Blue Bell."

None of the soldiers at the landing recognized him and, passing out the gate, he oon lost in the crowd near South Ferry.

The queer figure hadn't been gone long from Governors Island before the absence of the "trusty" was noted by the sergeant in charge of the Castle Williams guard. An alarm was sounded and the island was sooured for the missing prisoner. Knowing that he had the key to Capt. Horton's house, those premises were searched because it was believed that possibly he had hidden himself there. No one who knew him gave him credit for nerve enough to attempt an escape.

Only a few weeks ago two prisoners had tried to get away from the island in a boat. They were seen by a sentry and ordered to put back. Not obeying, the sentry raised his gun and shot one of the men in the jaw. This made a strong impression on the other prisoners and no more attempts to escape had been made.

But in Capt. Horton's bedroom the searching party found evidences of the recent dt of the trusty. Drawers were pulled out and wearing apparel was strewn about in confusion. Why the man didn't take the trousers that went with the tuxedo coat or why he selected a red tie instead of a black one will never be known unless Reese is recaptured. Apparently he had taken his time about dressing and had made a pretty thorough examination of the contents of the room. Nothing was missing, however, except the togs he wore His prison suit was found on the floor.

The military authorities notified the police of Reese's escape, but they don't seem to have much hope of ever getting him back. They think he has pawned Capt. Horton's clothes and bought others with the money.

BROOKLYN GIRL A BARONESS. Miss Pfizer Becomes the Wife of Baron Von Echt at Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 5 .- Linden Gate, the Newport home of the late Henry Marquand, the villa noted for its rare tapestries and handsome and costly paintings, was the scene to-day of an international wedding, when Miss Alice Marguerite Henrietts Pfizer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pfizer of Brooklyn, became the bride of Baron Reinhart Clemens Bachofen von Echt. The guests numbered about one hundred. Following the ceremony there was a wedding breakfast and late in the afternoon Baron and Bareness von Echt

left on their wedding tour. In the matter of attendants the wedding was one of the largest ever seen in Newport, there being thirteen attendants on the ride, besides the best man and five ushers. The ceremony took place at 12:30 P. M. in the drawing room of the villa. The Rev. Ernest J. Dennen, assistant rector of Trinity Church, officiated and during the

eremony there was music by an orchestra. The first bridesmaid was Miss Florence B. Fowler, the others being the Misses Mabel Knudson. Olga Rose, Beula Mun-son, Helen Parker, Sophie Zollinhoeter, Tillie Rose, Marie Casamajor, Louise Munon, May Mathews, Alice Casamajor and Jaisy Johnson. The maid of honor was liss Anna Maud Harrison, all classmates of the bride at Adelphi College. The best man was Lawrence L. T. Driggs and the ushers R. Aubrey Barker, Jesse Watson, corge J. Pierson, Emil Pfizer and Arthur

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Facing one of the new East Side squares is the first office building put up in accordance with the Ghetto's idea of commercial architecture. Its façade is composed principally of plate glass, although the ornate cipally of plate glass, although the ornate iron structure is painted pale green and balconies of Moorish design decorated with silver appear at every one of the seven stories. Thin twisted columns painted in gold, silver and pale green extend as high as the second floor of the house. These gay tints would make the building striking enough without the gilt letters that blaze on all the glass windows on every floor. A sudden sight of the edifice is dazzling to one accustomed to the comparatively sober style of our skyscrapers. Sentry Wondered, but Passed Him.

The benevolent attempt to give some poor children a country outing for several days ended last week prematurely, but to the great relief of its promoters. There is no eason to believe that children who might in the future might have enjoyed its benefits would regret the fact.

"I had an unoccupied house on my grounds," said the discouraged philanthropist, "and thought some children from ymy mission Sunday school might enjoy a stay in the country. So a teacher was installed, and the parties of little girls arrived. They enjoyed the first day, the games, the rides and the ice cream at dinner. But as night came on they began to get bored. By tea time they were bored to death, and many of them said frankly on the second day that they would like to go home. It was all right in the daytime, but there were no hand organs at night, no dancing on the sidewalk nor any of the city pleasures they liked better than story telling or looking at picture books. So in fear of having future invitations declined in advance, we gave up the outing idea." in the country. So a teacher was installed,

"Talk about police graft is unfounded in nine cases out of ten when it refers to the rank and file of the force," said a captain at Headquarters last night, "But there is sometimes a disposition on the part of the men to feel that they ought to get for nothing what others have to pay for. Yet I cannot believe a story that drifted down here the other day from Harlem. I am told there's a cop up there with a rubber pocket in his coat ample enough to hold a beef stew, a clam chowder or any dish that the restaurant keepers on his may happen to have on hand. It's hard to believe that he has this pocket and fills it every day before be goes home in time for his wife to warm up this useful contri-

Said Ikey to Mickey yesterday: "Didn't vou vish ve was olt enough to vork, so ve might could git to-day for a holiday?'

"Naw," scorned Mickey.

"Vy, nod so?"

"I'm goin' ter be a walkin' delegate.

Dey has to work hard Labor Day, leadin' the p'rade. But dat ain't so bad, 'cause all the rest of the time is hollerdays."

The woman was about half way through her personal history when the Magistrate

exciamed:
"Will you stop your talking, madam, and
answer my question?"
"How can I answer you, Judge, if you
won't let me talk?" and the Magistrate
couldn't think of anything very wise just
then, so he bowed his head and submitted
to more autobiography. to more autobiography.

SACRED SCROLLS MOVED. Carried in Procession Through Densely

Crowded Streets of the Ghetto.

The Congregation Adath Jeshurun of Jassy opened their new synagogue, at 58 Rivington street, yesterday afternoon. The moving of the scrolls, which contain the sacred writings upon which the Jewish religion is founded, from the old synagogue in Hester street was made the occasion of an elaborate parade. It was said yesterday that this was the first ceremony of the kind ever held in the city. The parade started from the old synagogue

and passed through all the important streets of the Ghetto on the way to the new building in Rivington street. Three policemen, commanded by Inspector Schmitberger, guarded the line of march. The inspector feared a repetition of the riot which occurred at the time of Rabbi Joseph's

mediately behind the band. Two of the scrolls were carried in each carriage. They were wrapped around richly carved poles of wood and ivory and were covered with embroidered velvet.

Behind the scroll bearers rode the ladies' aid society and behind them marched the congregation, six abreast. Work was suspended, and everybody wang and old.

the congregation, six acreast. Work was suspended, and everybody, young and old, crowded the streets through which the procession was to pass. The crowd was so dense that the mounted police had their hands full in clearing a way for the marching The new synagogue was covered with

The new synagogue was covered with flags and bunting and Chinese lanterns. The procession filed into the building and reverently watched the scroll bearers place their burdens in position. Many synagogues sent delegations and there were many rabbis present from out of town.

STABBED AT A BALL GAME.

Dr. Hall Interferes With Rioting at Oyster Bay and Gets His Leg Cut.

OYSTER BAY, Sept. 5 .- The Oyster Bay baseball team played the Stamford nine nere this afternoon in ex-Assemblyman Sol Townsend's apple orchard, and in the seventh inning there was a general fight in which several women were knocked down, some hard blows struck and one man, Dr. James H. Hall, cut in the leg slightly by a knife.

The row started when Constable Jim

The row started when Constable Jim. McQuadetried to put six or seven Stamford rooters back from the first base line. He pushed them in his gentle way and they jumped on him. The players on both teams joined in the fracas, and for a few minutes the diamond presented a spectacle which outclassed the roughest kind of a football game. The fighters got mixed up with the crowd on the side lines and several women were sent to the ground. It was while attempting to separate the

It was while attempting to separate the combatants and restore order that Dr. Hall had his leg cut. It is not known who had the knife or whether the wound was nad the kinle or whether the would was inflicted purposely. The game was not resumed until ex-Assemlyman Townsend appeared on the scene and, displaying a deputy sheriff's badge, appealed on behalf of the tender bark on his young apple tree that the disorder cease. Nobody

WOMAN'S SUNDAY SALOON STORY Hotel Chambermald, Found Intextented, Starts Magistrate Cornell Investigating.

Mrs. Annie McCall, a chambermaid in the Hotel Leonori at Madison avenue and Sixty-third street, was charged with intoxication in the Yorkville police court yesterday. Magistrate Cornell asked her where she obtained the liquor.

"I got it in the saloon at Second avenue and Sixty-third street yesterday," she

How did you get in a saloon on Sunday?" "I just walked in through the side door." She said that she had ordered a glass of She said that she had ordered a glass of whiskey and paid for it out of a ten-dollar bill. The man behind the bar then asked her to have a drink with him and she accepted the invitation. That was the last she remembered, she said, until she woke up in the station and found that her money and her gloves were gone.

up in the station and found that he mode, and her gloves were gone.
Policeman Eggers said he found the woman lying on the sidewalk at Second avenue and Sixty-second street at 9:30 o'clock Sunday night.

"This woman tells a straightforward story and I am going to investigate it,"

story and I am going to investigate it, said the Magistrate.

He issued a summons for the saloon-keeper to appear in court to-day and held the woman for examination.

JOHN DREW IN A GOOD PART.

"THE DUKE OF KILLIKRANKIE" IS A SUCCESS.

Robert Marshall's Farcical Comedy Produced at the Empire Theatre and Loudly Applauded-Good Wit and Unusually Clever Dialogue in the Play

John Drew reappeared at the Empire Theatre last night, acting in Robert Marshall's farcical comedy entitled "The Duke of Killikrankie." The play was seen for the first time in this city and it achieved an instantaneous and satisfying success The audience applauded loudly and long after the delightful second act and did its pest to call the principal actor to the footights to make one of those first night speeches which mean so little. Mr. Drew had the good taste to defer his personal remarks till the end of the play, when he addressed his friends in a few well chosen words of thanks.

The applause at the conclusion of the performance was enthusiastic and showed that the audience was untired and still had an appetite for the light and cheering humor of the entertainment. Through out the course of the farce there was an abundance of laughter, and the bright and spirited dialogue was caught up with zest and understanding. It was a comfort to some who have recently been forced to listen to the guffaws with which the inane chatter of so-called comic operas is received to find that there is yet a public in New York with a taste for real wit and polite humor.

Mr. Marshall's play is a trifle light as air, but quite as fresh and invigorating as a northwest wind after a sultry day of thundershowers. The story is by no means probable, but why should farcical stories be so? While the thing is in course of representation before the audience it carries something of vraisemblance with it. It has a delicate, satirical atmosphere of delusion and some approaches to real illusion. It touches gently upon some foibles of the adorable sex, and it discloses some weakness of the adoring pursuers of that

The Duke of Killikrankie loves a lovable girl, who will have none of him. She refuses him time and again. At last, taunted by her with his lack of daring, he plans a desperate method of bringing her to terms. He decoys her to one of his Scotch castles, together with a chaperon and the chaperon's adorer, and there he holds her a prisoner. The terms of release are consent to marriage with him. Or course she is at first induced to appear to consent, but he sees through that pretext and knows

how to meet it.

Then in the end she really learns to love him, and when he turns her out of the castle, setting her free, she refuses to go. It does not seem to promise much, but it is all told with such a pretty manner, with such a charming flow of clever dialogue—dialogue as pointed and as keen in its wit as that of "Lady Windermere's Fan"—with such neatness of situation and such admirable sketching of character that the audience which ness of stuation and such admirable sections of character that the audience which would not enjoy it would have to be an audience of numskulls indeed.

The play is almost entirely in the hands of the play is almost entirely in the hands of the play is almost entirely in the hands of the play is almost entirely in the hands of the player.

The play is almost entirely in the hands of four actors representing the Duke, Mr. Welby, the adorer of the chaperon; Mrs. Mulholland, the chaperon, and Lady Henrictta Addison. The few other characters are accessories of the slightest importance. Fortunately the four leading parts were in competent hands. Mr. Drew in the Duke of Killikrankie has a most congenial role. It brings out in high relief all his polish

of style, his easy assumption of the manner of high life, his delicate touch in comedy and his certain yet not overdrawn exof high life, his delicate touch in comedy and his certain yet not overdrawn expression of sentiment. His personal triumph was the most cheering feature of the evening; for all his friends and admirers, which means the entire town, regretted his want of a suitable role last season.

Fanny Brough as Mrs. Mulholland made one of the emphatic hits of her successful career. Her art never disclosed a fuller

berger, guarded the line of march. The inspector feared a repetition of the riot which occurred at the time of Rabbi Joseph's funeral.

The scrolls were carried by members of the congregation who rode in coaches immediately behind the band. Two of the scrolls were carried in each carriage. They and acted. It was a success.

A NEW "OLD HOMESTEAD."

Denman Thompson Revives the Play With Four of the Original Players.

Denman Thompson opened the regular eason of the New York Theatre with "The Old Homestead" at a matinée yesterday afternoon. The veteran actor appeared in his old character of Joshua Whitcomb and played the part as well as he did sixteen years ago in the original production of the play at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Both at the matinée and at the evening performance the New York was filled with holiday audiences. The "standing room only" sign was displayed last night.

It is an "all star" revival, of course. Of the players who appeared with Mr. Thompson in the original production of "The Old Homestead" only four are now living. Old Homestead" only four are now living. They are Walter Gale, the original Happy Jack; Gus Kammerlee, who created the part of Henry Hopkins; Mrs. Morse, the first Aunt Matilda, and Annie Thompson, who created Rickety Ann. These were seen yesterday in their original characters, with one exception. Mr. Thompson's daughter players include Charles Carter, Charles Clark Hester Dion. Horace Wright.

H. Clark, Hector Dion, Horace Wright, Frank Knapp, W. E. Chamberlain, Anita Fowler and Venie Thompson. Fowler and

"MISS BOB WHITE'S" DEBUT. Highly Successful Function at the Manhattan Beach Theatre.

"Miss Bob White," a musical comedy which deals with the curious adventures of two wealthy young men who become tramps in quest of love and adventure, was produced last night at the Manhattan Beach Theatre for the first time in New York. It was no less successful at the seaside theatre than t was in the West last season. A strong cast presented the piece. Some of the members were Frank Deshon, Georgia

Campbell, Donald Archer and other comic opera performers of reputation outside of New York. The scenic equipment is elaborate and the chorus appeared in new dresses. HARLEM OPERA HOUSE REOPENS.

Large Audiences There Welcome Leonie

Darmon in "The Little Princess." The Harlem Opera House reopened for the reason yesterday with a special Labor Day matinée, at which Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's comedy "The Little Princess" was presented. Sora Crewe, the part in which Millie James had so great a triumph, was acceptably played by Leonie Darmon, who appeared in it at the Madison Square Theatre last winter. Both at the matinee and at last night's performance the theatre

"The Little Princess" will be followed at the Harlem Opera House next week by "The Prince of Pilsen."

Hammerstein Vaudeville Begins.

Oscar Hammerstein began his vaudeville season in the Victoria Theatre last night with a bill which rejoiced a large audience. Some of the performers were Henry Lee. Some of the performers were nearly Lee, the impersonator, who let Mr. Hammer-stein's patrons see how President Roose-velt and Judge Parker look and act; Mme. Marzella, with her bicycle riding birds and Paul Spadoni, the cannon ball juggler. who now permits an automobile to run over



JERSEY'S COLONY OF WIDOWS.

EIGHTEEN OF THEM LIVE IN TWO BLOCKS AT GUTTENBURG.

Still Mourning for the Departed, but Ready and Willing to Welcome Husband No. 2-Inquisitive Reporter Escapes With His Affections Still Unclaimed.

"Oh, it ist not to laugh; it ist to cry," said Frau Schmetterling, a widow, of Guttenburg, N. J. She is one of eighteen widows living on Bergenline avenue, between Herman and Hudson avenues, a space of only two blocks. "It ist sad," added Frau Schmetterling,

who in spite of her name, which in German signifies butterfly, is fully as broad as she is long. "It mostly all happened since last February," she went on, "ven all our hoosban's they take pneumonia an' die. Now I make a bizness mineself for a living. Guttenburg looks upon those two hus-

andless blocks with mingled amusement and alarm. Since last February funeral has followed funeral, and the men still alive egan to flee from those two blocks. "I sez to meself, sez I," said one thirsty citizen vesterday in Dailey's saloon, "d'ye

want to join that retirin' husbands' union, or don't ye? Naw, sez I, an' you bet I don't ive on Bergenline avenue no more." The widows have been widows such a short time that they have not yet begun looking for new hushands. "But it will

do no harm to tell you," said one of them, that most of us is still in the ring." In age the widows range all the way om 22 to 80. Some of them possess considerable property. One owns three houses, and many own and conduct stores of various kinds left them by their husbands. Three

of the eighteen live in one house. The colony is known now as the Widow' Haven. It includes widows who bear names which are distinctively terman, Irish, American and Armenian. The Germans are largely in the majority. At least half a dozen of the widows are on the sunny side of thirty and all of them, according to one of Guttenburg's leading citizens, are handsome.

"We are very proud of our bunch of widows," one Guttenburger said yesterday.
"I didn't know there were so many of them
until I began to get the counting fever.
We have all had it for the last two or three We have all had it for the last two or three days. If you see a man going down the street looking absent minded like and checking off his fingers you can just bet he's counting up the widows. Some say there's nineteen or twenty of 'em, but I can't make it more than eighteen. I guess you can safely put that down as correct. Three safely put that down as correct. Three moved in during the last month and I understand another one expects to move over here from West New York in a few days. Some of the widows own their own homes, but the majority of them pay rent. One runs a feed store and another keeps a saloon. They are all good neighbors.

"I have no idea why so many of 'em settled in the Haven. I guess it just happened so."

One woman, who said she was a widow and glad of it, glared at a reporter when he asked why so many widows had located so near one another. Then she stuck up her nose and remarked that she didn't

think it was anybody's business.

The widows had a great treat yesterday in the parade of the Guttenburg firemen.

The boys passed through the Haven per-The boys passed through the Haven perspiring from every pore as they hauled their apparatus. After the parade they had a blowout at Eclipse Hose Company's quarters, and there some of the more thirsty ones adjourned to the "Widow" Moessmer's.

Mrs. Moessmer drew several large glasses full of Guttenburg's favorite beverage and slid them along the bar. The firemen slid them along the bar. The firemen "drank hearty" and then one of them took the widow aside and whispered: "This is on me. Chalk it up." This incident explains one of the reasons for one widow's

A number of young men were sitting on a water trough in front of a saloon on Bergenline avenue discussing the situation. The grasshoppers hopped in the vacant lot, opposite and other insects made suich noises as novelists know the exact names for. The novelists know the exact names for. The young men made notches with jackknives on stoks and thus counted up the widows.

"Do you want a widow?" they asked THE SUN reporter. "Because if you do, here's your chance. We can't marry them

The reporter fled only to run across three women and an old man sitting on the steps of a delicatessen store. Do you vant to marry and be a vater to dat leetle Villie?" one old woman asked the reporter. "For if you do, I knows the veedow vat's his moder. She vill

The teporter hot footed it for a trolley car and soon got out of the danger zone

"A MADCAP PRINCESS."

Lulu Glaser in New Dramatization of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

The second dramatization of Charles Major's novel of romantic life entitled "When Knighthood Was in Flower" was presented last evening at the Knickerbocker Theatre under the title of "A Madcap Princess," with Miss Lulu Glaser in the rôle of Mary Tudor. The first version was called drama, and bore the name of the book. In that Miss Julia Marlowe appeared, and bore the presentation to success.

Miss Glaser is a most attractive person on the stage and in whatever she appears commands a following and applause. This was proved last evening. Miss Glaser was welcomed warmly, encored frequently and applauded liberally. Much of the and applianced liberally. Much of the demonstration in her favor came from disinterested persons in the body of the theatre, though this might not be suspected by one who saw the ushers' hands at work

one who saw the ushers' hands at work at the conclusion of each art.

Mary's love for Charles Brandon and the adventures it entailed provided, of course, the plot. There were three scenes, Windsor Park, Mary's apartment and the Bow and String Tavern. They were good. Miss Glaser was supported by William Pruette, Bertram Wallis as her lover, Donald McLaren, Howard Chambers, Frank Reichet, Arthur Barry, Ralph Lewis, Guy Hoffman, H. Chambers, Reginald Barlow, Maurice Sims, Herbert Freer, Elsie Thomas, Maud Ream Stover, Mary Conwell, Gwendolyn Valentine, Rose Farle and Lillian Lippear.

ill. Gwendolyn id Lillian Lipyear. Ludwig Erlanger wrote the music of this face. The libretto was formulated by face. B. Smith. When the ushers stop Harry B. Smith. applauding, it may be possible to say that the audience enjoyed the piece. Miss Glaser made a speech of thanks after the

Are You a Mason?" Cleverly Revived.

Leo Ditrichstein, Henry V. Donnelly and Thomas A. Wise were the principal laugh makers in the revival of "Are You a Mason?" at a Garrick matinee yesterday. The at a Carrick mathree yesterday. The comedy has had long runs both in this city and in London, and Rich & Harris's revised version of it was seen by big holiday audiences yesterday. Clara Bloodgood in Clyde Fitch's newest play, "The Coronet of the Duchess" will begin an engagement at the Garrick on Monday. Garrick on Monday. ...

PUBLICATIONS.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS ANNOUNCE THE PUBLICA-TION OF A NEW NOVEL BY GILBERT PARKER ENTITLED "A LADDER OF SWORDS."

This exquisite romance is the first book by this distinguished author since the publication of his eminently successful and fascinating novel "The Right of Way"

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THE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE OF HUMAN INTEREST Edited by CASPAR WHITNEY

THE ROGERS BROTHERS AGAIN. This Time in Paris-Big House; Hearty Welcome.

"Oh, but this is fine! Women so divine!
I've been down the line---" -Rogers Brothers in Paris.

Now, should one go further? Ought one really to go further? The Rogers brothers went so far at the New Amsterdam Theatre last evening that it was not hard to believe what the programme said of them-that they had been in Paris. In their new vehicle or whatever they like to call that in which they come forward—their managers do not attempt to confine it within the narrow bonds of a definition—they make a lot of fun, and doing so fulfil their patrons' expectations.

New York and the country will welcome New York and the country will welcome their company while all the members are so merry and so good to look upon as they were last evening. The New Amsterdam was crowded, and applause sounded from the standees on the orchestra floor to the lordliest galleryite, who echoed it back.

"Hot stuff" and "the mustard" are caches standing in the ice of former years. "The Rogers Brothers in Paris" bring with them a real fire eater. What is a fire eater? "A man with asbestos lips." So the Brothers said.

said.
But hush! The Paris heat explains.
Eden's costumes. A curious brother asks
if apples were the only fruit in the Garden.
"Nay, brother; there was a pair, and, and
she was a peach!"

she was a peach!"
Is it any wonder that Long Pat McCarren
and "Curse David" Hill were next introduced in the guise of fearsome oracles?
A brother asked Tall Patrick if he should admire a girl as pretty as a picture.

"Aye," quoth he of Brooklyn, "if she have a beautiful frame."

The house fell before the curtain could, and the oracles had another chance, which one improved to tell a votary that he was to get an auto—"in the middle of the back."

But the fun was not always of the harsh, guying order, while the girls, of whom there were many, were always charming, and often tantalizing, as was she whose blue and often tantalizing, as was she whose blue stocking was shocking. The pretty Blue Belle asked a Rogers how he knew that "it" was blue, and he explained "Twas when the wind blew, Belle."

But jokes were only incidental in the Rogers brothers' entertainment. Dancing was a particular charm, pretty girls were multiplied charms, and costumes and coloring were bewildering. Together the girls, their dancing and the effulgence of their parti-colored costumes made veritably

their dancing and the enuigence of their particolored costumes made veritably an iridoscent dream, from the spell of which the big first night's audience awoke from time to time to make the theatre resound with bearty applause.

The scenes of the brothers and their companions' wanderings and beguilings ranged from the Bal Bouillier and the Tuileries Gardens to an animal arena at the St. Louis exposition.

the St. Louis exposition.

ODELL SEES "THE SPELLBINDER," In Which a Wicked Politician Is Outwitted by a Virtuous Lawyer.

It was announced yesterday that Gov. Odell would appear last evening at the first performance in New York of the "absolutely American" political comedy, "The Spellbinder," at the Herald Square The spendinger, at the rierald square Theatre. The press agent said the Governor was present, but that modesty prevented him from sitting well forward in the box that had been reserved for him. The play was enthusiastically received by a large audience. If the Governor was present he saw a wicked political leader of a New York Senatorial district properly outwitted by a virtuous and oratorical lawyer who was in love with the same girl that the wicked leader wanted to marry. There was much of the conventional humor supposed to be indigenous to New York in the play, and everybody recognized and applauded it. Habb Delmore played the wicked Senatorus if he had been brought up in the district, or in Newburg.

A Family Game-115 Cards

BUNCO 50c

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